

Vila Recôncavo

tatorial regime of Getulio Vargas. One of the last of these was a son of the county who wished to leave a permanent remembrance of his family in the town. Most of the work was done by local labor, which brought a certain measure of prosperity to the town. Certainly the appearance of the town changed. New façades were added to many houses; others were freshly painted in gay colors; and some people constructed cement sidewalks in front of their homes. At night the streets are brighter because of the electric street lights (which are turned off at midnight) and because of the rays of bright electric light passing through the cracks of the closed window shutters and doors.

Almost every evening at dusk, however, the electric power of the countryside is shut off for at least an hour because of inadequate generating facilities at the main plant, leaving the countryside and small towns in darkness. At this hour the town returns to its past, and one seems to be in an era one, two, or three hundred years ago. Tiny oil lamps (litas) are lighted, or an occasional kerosene lamp, the soft and short-reaching rays of which barely penetrate the heavy darkness of the house and do not reach the street. A hush falls over the town during the spell of darkness. All the old fears of shadows, malevolence, and lobishomens (werewolves) return. The family congregates in one room, for no one wants to be alone, speaking softly as though not to break the spell. The streets are suddenly emptied, and the silence is broken only by the occasional forlorn braying of a donkey left wandering outside.

Without light there is no life in Vila Recôncavo. The evening religious service is delayed; the movie is delayed; the bar closes. One thinks of the impermanence of the new prosperity, remembering how quickly the moist salt air can blacken the gayest colored building, how the heavy rains can wash away the foundation of a mud house, how fast the weeds can grow in the cracks of the pavement, and how by the flick of a switch in some faraway place the magical lights are removed. A heavy gloom settles over the town and remains until, as suddenly as they went off, the lights return. Life picks up again, radios blare forth at fullest volume, and Vila Recôncavo once again is grateful for light and life, however impermanent.

Although this is a traditional area, few local people know its history. Only a few can provide historical data going back further than one generation, and even fewer know anything of what lies behind the "glorious past" of Vila Recôncavo, a

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[The Private Plantation]

côncavo. So far only the pai adão has been able to fulfill the plowing requirements. Lately, however, tractors with caterpillar tread have been introduced and, when used carefully with disk plows, have given excellent results. But the old standby is still commonly in use, hitched to eight, ten, twelve, or as many as twenty oxen.

The owner's house with its park stands on a small hilltop and is visible from afar because of its imperial palms. Nearby, on another hilltop, is the settlement of workers, a long street with houses on either side, the barracks, a small store, and the ever-present casa de farinha, the house where manioc is always being ground, pressed, and roasted to make the farina which is the staple food of the area. Also on this street is the overseer's house, which stands out from the others because of its large size and its veranda. The houses of the workmen are small and built for the most part under one long, common roof. Each house is really an apartment consisting of a front living room and a long corridor going back to the kitchen, with one or two bedrooms leading off the corridor. Other houses, under separate roofs, have similar interior arrangements. The roofs are of red tiles, the rest of the house of clay mud (taipa) slapped on both sides of a bamboo framework. After the mud has dried a coat of whitewash is applied. The houses are built and kept in repair by the plantation owner and do not belong to the workers. The floors are of beaten earth, difficult to keep clean. At night, when only a tiny oil lamp is burning, the houses look dark and gloomy.

After dark one has the impression of hearing much more than one can see. Kerosene is expensive to burn, no one reads, and most of life is geared to doing in the daytime those tasks which require light. At night the workmen and their families sit in the dark talking, or perhaps go to the casa de farinha where a fellow workman and his family may be grinding their manioc. This building is softly lit with kerosene lamps and there is a cheerful glow from the roasting fire. More recently the overseer's house has been equipped with electricity, and now it is always well lighted at night. His new radio has become a center of attraction and small groups form about his veranda, listening. At the other end of the street, during harvest time, there is always a bonfire in front of the barracks where the migrant workers are sheltered. On special occasions there may be a samba (dance), perhaps in the plantation owner's house. Then everyone dons his best and the

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tation administration are over. In general, however, neither the children nor the parents mix with the permanent residents of Vila Recôncavo. Although as small children they may have a worker's son as a constant playmate, by the time they are teenagers this relationship has usually faded into a fond memory.

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The standard of living of this class is far above that of any of the other local groups. It is important to realize that because of the fluctuations of the sugar market, members of this class have not always had fluid wealth at their command, while at other periods they have been undeniably wealthy. But even during a slump they have been able to raise money when necessary. One of the major reasons that planters turned to the professions was the need to assure themselves of a continued income when the sugar market falls. At such times their main activities are directed toward earning a living in the city. But at those times when sugar producing is profitable the practicing of the activities becomes a strain, and one or the other must suffer. Nevertheless, at any time these people have earned enough to maintain a standard of living which compares favorably with that of the upper class in any large city. Households are complete with refrigerators, radios, and other electrical appliances which must be imported. Many have automobiles, receive magazines from abroad, follow Parisian dress styles, take interest in international affairs, and in general lead a life of wide interests. In the rural zone their houses are much better than those of any others, often having running water, electricity, and a full range of service provided by servants. Usually the household servants move from country to city with the family.

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Class B in the rural zone of the community is made up of plantation overseers, factory technicians, and white-collar workers of the factory offices. It is almost as small as Class A, comprising about twenty adult members. As in the case of the planters, who associate with other planters outside the community, the overseers of various plantations have reunions. There is much more social contact between the overseers and the mass of workers, however, than between the planters and the workers. The planters usually know all the workers on their plantations, as well as their families; but although there is frequent visiting and chatting between the women of the two groups and between the males of the two groups, there is little basis for conversation. The planta-

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things African" that he is occasionally called to Pernam-
buco, four hundred miles up the Brazilian coast, to carry out
special rituals which cult members in that city are unable to
perform. Of the *candomblé*, he says, "The Nagô worships na-
ture because he is realistic and wants to see what he wor-
ships. He can't see the Catholics' God."

The *barracão* here is about fifty feet by thirty, with roof
and one end thatched with palm fronds, and floor freshly
sanded. By nightfall it is gaily decorated with paper stream-
ers, most of which are white; some, however, are red, blue,
green, or yellow. A large and neat placard, which one of the
ogans proudly says was painted by his daughter, a first-year
student at the Escola Normal, bears the inscription: "Cen-
tro Cruz Santa do Aché de Okô Afonjá," a combination of
Portuguese and Nagô which means "Sacred Cross Center of
the Brothers and Sisters of the Temple of Xangô." Chairs to
accommodate the priestess, the elderly Negro woman, and
the old Negro man have been placed on a dais to the left of
the musicians. The spectators are carefully excluded from
the dancing space in front of the drums by railings patrolled
by *ogans*. On the end wall hang three white pennants bear-
ing respectively, the inscriptions, "Viva Oxalá," "Viva
Oxun," and "Viva Aryra," and one red pennant with the
words, "Viva Xangô."

The *filhas*, all of whom are escorted into the *barracão*
under a white sheet held by *ogans* who also light the proces-
sion with flaming torches, number seventeen, all of whom are
blacks, with the exception of two dark mulattoes. Of the
ogans, fourteen are blacks, eleven are mulattoes, six of whom
are dark mixed-bloods, and one is a Portuguese immigrant
who came to Brazil some thirty years ago and now owns a
small retail establishment in the Lower City.

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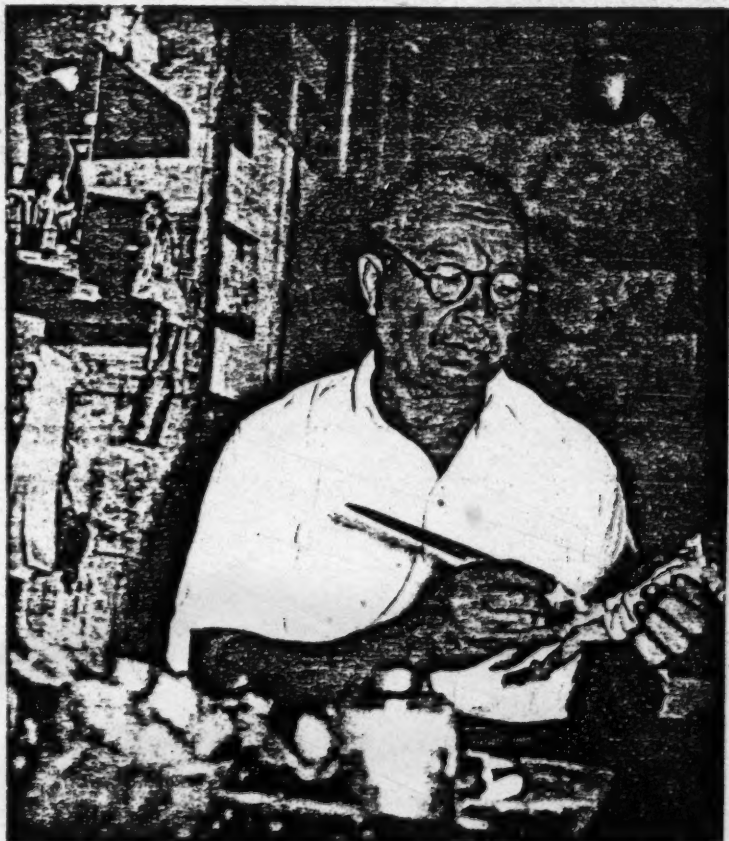
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[Salvador]

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10. A colored artisan.